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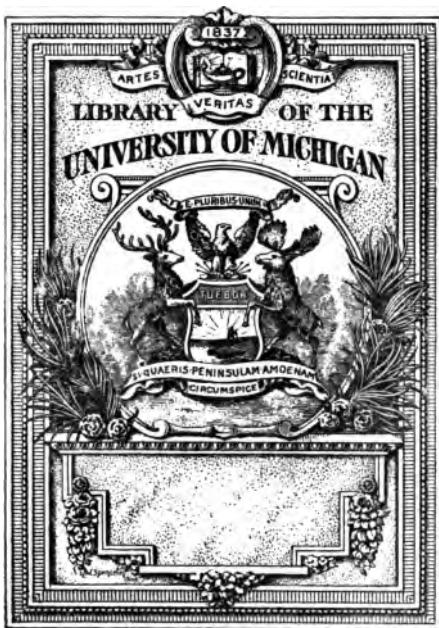
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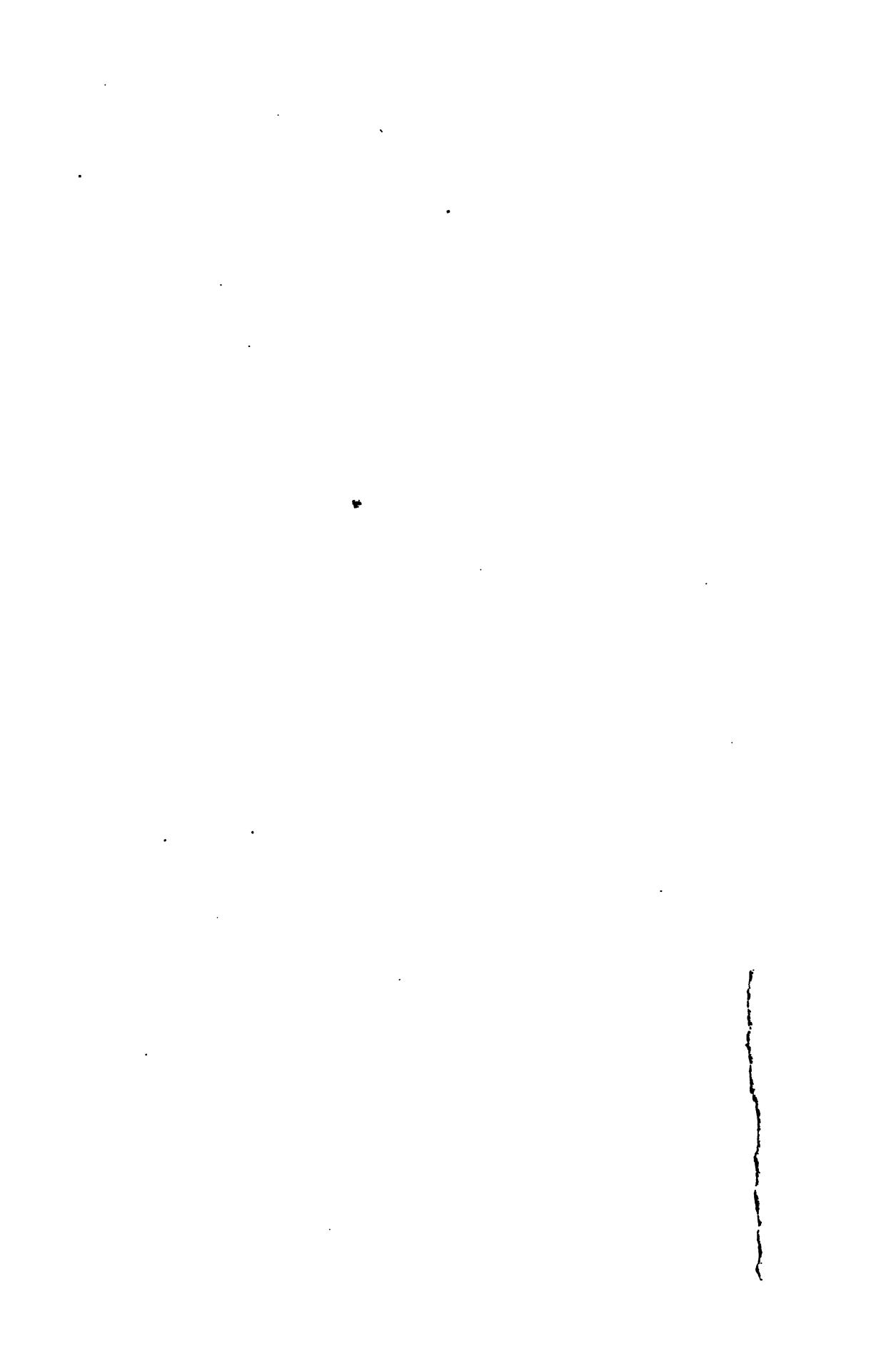
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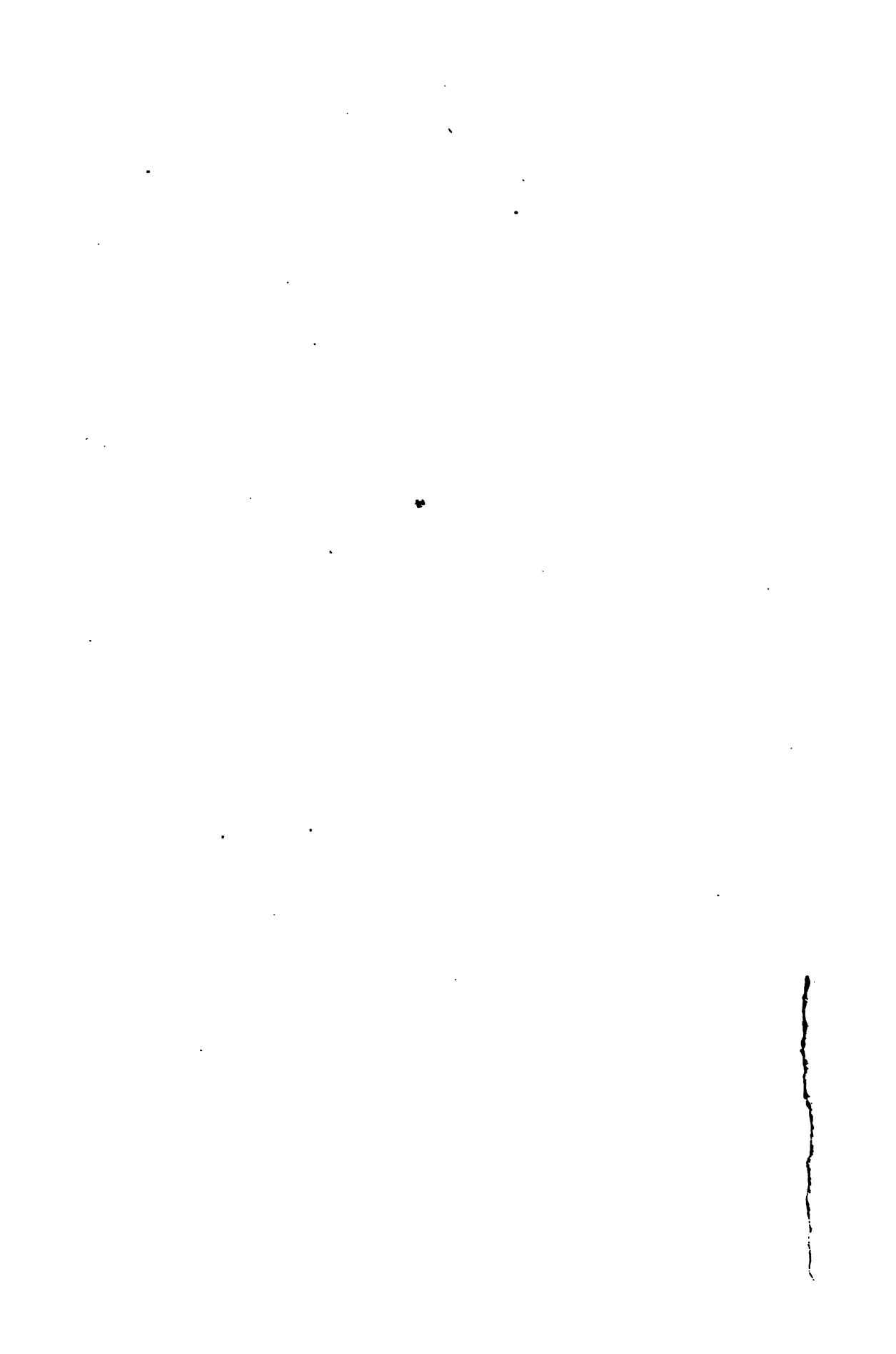






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✓ Dr. J.

# ADDRESSES

MADE AT THE BANQUET, GIVEN TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE

## National Society OF THE SONS of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION

REPRESENTING THE DIFFERENT STATE SOCIETIES OF  
THAT NAME THROUGHOUT THE UNION,

BY

Dr. William Seward Webb,

IN

NEW YORK, MARCH 1st, 1890.



1890

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INSIGNIA,  
OF THE SOCIETY OF THE  
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.





SEAL OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY,  
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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ON after assuming the presidency of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, believing that it would be to the benefit of the Society, if its widely scattered officers and most active members could be brought together, become personally acquainted with each other and compare notes, thus increasing the spirit of progress and emulation, Dr. William Seward Webb issued invitations to a banquet at Delmonico's, in New York City, on March 1st, 1890, to the officers and members of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, in the States in which permanent organizations existed. Upwards of one hundred sat down to the banquet and representatives from nearly every one of the twenty-three State Societies were present. Judge Lucius P. Deming, the first President of the National Society, acted as toast-master. The addresses made on this occasion and some letters received at this time, will be interesting additions to the literature of the Society and of value in the future. They



have, therefore, been collected and are presented herewith, together with a copy of the constitution, and engravings of the seal, insignia of the Society, etc.

No attempt has been made to amplify the matter included herein. The addresses are simply given in the order in which they were delivered on that occasion, with the simple purpose of preserving the thoughts and opinions of some of our prominent men on the opportunities and work of our Society, and have been published by direction of the President-General, Dr. William Seward Webb.

New York, April 15th, 1890.



M. & U.



ADDRESS BY  
**PRESIDENT-GENERAL**  
**WILLIAM SEWARD WEBB.**

President-General Webb called the meeting to order for the oratorical part of the exercises soon after 9 o'clock. As he rose to speak he was tumultuously applauded, and was not permitted to proceed until after an unmistakable expression of the hearty and loyal support of the representatives of the S. A. R. of the United States. Pausing until the house had been restored to order, he said:

It gives me pleasure to welcome you all here this evening; and I desire to extend my thanks to you, my guests from the South and West, who have done me the honor to come so many miles to be present this evening. Our society, as you all well know, is yet in its infancy—hardly started in its career. Three months ago, we were organized in but twelve States; to-day, in nearly thirty; and I hope before many months, that we shall have a society in every State and Territory in the Union. My object in asking you all here this evening is, not only that I may have the privilege and pleasure of greeting you all, and have you hear of the good work already done, and to be done in the future, but that you, gentlemen, representing societies in different States in the Union, may be able to meet one another and become better acquainted.

I believe that these associations in the different States will be fruitful of great good to our American country in the

future, and will serve to keep alive in our minds the deeds of our forefathers of '76. As our friend, the President of the Michigan Society, truly says, "the more recent and tragic events of the War of the Rebellion have, to a very considerable extent, driven from the minds of Americans the great lessons of the War for Independence; but no thinking man can read the history of our country at that time, without seeing that there was laid the foundation upon which the happiness, strength and prosperity of our country must always exist."

There are those here to-night who will talk to you of our society's future, and how we must strive to keep bright, not to our children (who, as the sons of men interested in this great subject, will, as a matter of course, have that sentiment concerning the great deeds of the men of '76 which we ourselves have), but to our friends and fellow-citizens of to-day, the trials and hardships suffered by our fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers in their great struggle for the independence of this country, the blessings and fruits of which we are now enjoying.

I now take pleasure in introducing to you the first President of the National Society, the Hon. Lucius P. Deming, of New Haven, who will speak of "The Society and its Objects."





ADDRESS BY  
**JUDGE LUCIUS P. DEMING.**

“THE SOCIETY AND ITS OBJECTS.”

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* You have done me a great honor by calling upon me and referring to me as the first President of the National Society of Sons of the American Revolution. I feel proud of that title, and of the society which has grown up since the National Society was organized on April 30th, 1889. At that time there were but few societies thoroughly organized and in working order.

In 1876, on July 4th, out in California, an inspiration came to the editor of the “Alta-California”—and I am inclined to think inspirations always come to editors; they seem to know everything and think of everything. At least, it came to him, and out of his thought grew the first society, The California Society of Sons of Revolutionary Sires, and out of that has grown all the societies of the same or similar name. Since then we have seen the birth of twenty-six societies in twenty-six different States, all organized for the great work, which is to revive the memories and quicken the love of Americans for America.

I am glad to meet so many representative gentlemen here to-night. I regret that we have no personal representative from that first society. I have the pleasure, however, of reading a letter from the representative of that society, who would be with us this evening, had he not been detained by circumstances beyond his control.

"WISCASSET, Feb. 21st, 1890.

*Hon. William Seward Webb, New York:*

DEAR SIR:—I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to a dinner to be given by you at Delmonico's, in New York, on March the 1st, to the representatives and members of the State Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution.

I regret exceedingly that I am unable to be present on an occasion of so great interest, but the inclement season and a partial recovery from a severe illness must be my excuse. In your published account of the social reunion of the S. A. R. at your residence on December 7th, 1889, I was pleased and gratified that notice and credit was given of the formation of the first society of the kind, in California, in our centennial year, 1876. The society was then just organized and made its first public appearance in the procession of the City celebration of San Francisco, on July 4th of that year. After marching over the prescribed route, cheered and animated by the special acclamations of the people along the line, our little band of about one hundred members debouched from the main body, and marched to their own hall with music of fife and drum, where a poem on Paul Jones was delivered by C. H. Denison, and an oration by C. H. Damron, Esq. Great enthusiasm was shown throughout the day, and from that time the society grew slowly but steadily, although its usefulness was curtailed because it had no corresponding organizations in sister States. To Gen. A. M. Winn and Col. A. S. Hubbard belong the special honor for the inception and organization of that society; and to the latter, more than to any other man, should be given honor for perseverance in holding the society together for seven years through discouragements that threatened to overwhelm it.

At that time—1876—the pioneers of California were beginning to show marks of age; their heads wore the white crown of the Sierras; time had made permanent the stoop of the gold seeker, and they began to realize that the day was not distant when the last golden sand would for them drop from the hour-glass. Then came the thought of the splendid record they had made in adding to our galaxy of States another star, and by an easy transition the great work of their ancestors passed in review before them. Many of the men of '49 had brought their families and all their ancestral relics and documents to their new home on the Pacific, and they determined that some way to preserve those precious and valuable docu-

ments must be provided, so that the fame of their revolutionary fathers should be perpetuated through future generations. Such were the motives that inspired the men who formed the California Society on July 4th, 1876; and I feel sure that similar motives actuate the descendants of the men of the Revolution now. A recent letter from Col. A. S. Hubbard, now President of the California Society, desires me to respond for California at this dinner, and I should with pleasure do so if I could be present. Will you be good enough to consider this brief history of the formation of that society in the light of such a response, and accept it as a contribution from the Pacific coast.

California sends you a greeting dearer to her than her gold, and a prediction that the influence of the Sons of the American Revolution will hasten the day when the principles for which our fathers fought, and for which we still contend, shall prevail throughout the whole earth.

Very truly yours,  
CHARLES H. DENISON,  
Vice-President-General S. A. R. for Maine."

I have further letters, Mr. President, from gentlemen representing societies in different parts of our country, each of which would be interesting, both by reason of locality and composition. I have one from the Hon. J. H. Shinn, of the Arkansas Society, and another from the Hon. H. K. Slayton, of the New Hampshire Society, and many others, each regretting his inability to be with us, but expressing his best wishes that this evening's entertainment may be an enjoyable one, and that the result may be for good to all Societies of Sons of the American Revolution. We regret the absence of our friends. It would be gratifying to us if every Society organized since the California Society could be represented here this evening. We send them our best wishes for the prosperity and growth of the societies in their several States.

I sometimes think, Mr. President, that the earth is yet full of the teeth of the mythical dragon, and that, when the needs of men require it, they develop into societies and organizations, armed and equipped for the defense of threatened rights, for the awakening of dormant energies, for the uni-

cation of nations, and the elevation of struggling peoples. I fully believe that every combination and every organization—and I care not whether it is called lodge, society or union, trust or government—is working out the great problems of progress, the result of which will be strong government without oppression, large liberty without license, unity without sectional jealousy, and an elevation of the masses to as high a degree of comfort and happiness as novelists ever dreamed of.

The Society of Sons of the American Revolution was born in the fullness of time and because there was need for just such a society to revive old memories, to bind together seemingly discordant elements, and to excite such pride in purely American institutions and such desire for national advancement and enlargement, as to cause jealousy to hide in the caves of forgetfulness, and sectionalism to develop into ultranationalism. There has been some misconception in regard to the position and work of the National Society of Sons of the American Revolution. Its special work has been confounded with the work of State societies. The peculiar work of the two is as different as the National government is different from the State government. The one touches the individual, and the other touches the community. So, while the State societies collect records and documents, and mark local ruins, and erect monuments to commemorate local events, the National Society occupies a larger field and endeavors to influence the sentiment of the nation, and direct that sentiment to matters of national importance. The National Society points the way and directs the course of action, and the State societies carry the work to completion; and in this work, to insure the largest success, there must be neither politics nor sectarianism, nor any effort for personal aggrandizement.

You have seen fit, Mr. President, to assign to me the sentiment "The Sons of the American Revolution; its objects and prospects," and I trust you will bear with me while I attempt to say something upon this important subject.

As I have said, the first State Society of this character, so far as I am aware, was organized in California, and its

objects as stated were "To unite the descendants of Revolutionary patriots; to perpetuate the memory of those who took part in the American Revolution; to maintain the independence of the United States of America, and to keep alive that spirit of patriotism that warmed the hearts of our fathers through their fearful struggle for individual and national liberty." It is strange that on the far Pacific coast, in a land which was hardly known to exist by the men of the Revolution, a hundred years after the smoke of battle had lifted from the hills of Boston, and the rattle of musketry had ceased at Yorktown, the great grandsons of the men who fought those battles should meet and organize a society to rescue the names and the acts of their ancestors from oblivion. Yet, such was the fact and our National Society is the outcome and result of that first society in California, organized July 4th, 1876. A little more than a century has passed since the colonies, as independent republics, organized as one republic. As we look along the highway which the Century has constructed, and over which our Nation has come, we find it marked by statues and monumental shafts, bearing known and illustrious names, and other shafts whispering of names unknown. As we look upon either side of this highway, we see unnumbered fields stained with blood from bruised feet and slashed bodies, but the carved monuments and lettered stones tell of the battles fought and the victories won upon them. We look upon countless library shelves, and tomes beyond our numbering tell in story and in song of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Red Bank and Trenton and Yorktown; and the names of the sons of Connecticut and Massachusetts, Carolina and Vermont, New Jersey and Virginia crowd each other in the same column. As we look upon these carved monuments and lettered stones and read the story and the song, a feeling comes into our hearts that every spot has been marked, that every story has been told, and that a monument has been reared to every brave man who fell. If this has all been done, then it is true, the work of our society is indeed limited. But, has the work all been done? Have the stories and histories all been writ-

ten? Can we repeat the names of the heroes who fought and fell? Do we know the graves among the tangled grass in which the unnamed dead are buried? If there is a battle-field of the Revolution unmarked; if there is a moss-grown historic ruin to be preserved; if there is an untold story to be written, or a monument to some hero still to be reared, then there is work for our state societies to do; there are reasons why they should exist. It is true that libraries contain volumes without number telling over and over again the story of the Revolutionary struggle; but it is also true that there are unwritten histories hid away in attics and closets and trunks which have never seen the light of publicity, but which tell stories of personal heroism and individual suffering more thrilling than has ever been written; and unless these almost forgotten threads of the great struggle are soon gathered up they will be lost forever. It is true that on battle-fields and in public places are many monuments bearing the names of brave men who fought and died in defense of liberty; but, even in the States of old New England, there are scores and hundreds now living who have forgotten that their fathers took part in that struggle, and that they are heirs to a part of the glory which that struggle brought to this nation and to the world. They know, perhaps, that your father was an officer in the Revolution, but the names of their fathers, privates, do not appear in bronze or stone, and their names and deeds have been forgotten. It is the work of our State societies to quicken the memory and resurrect from oblivion the names of these forgotten fighters in a holy cause, and to create in the hearts of the Sons of the Revolution a pride in their ancestral blood and ancestral name, and a desire to know something more of their lineage and descent than they have known. American aristocracy is a thing for "laughter, fleers and jeers" in its ordinary acceptation; but blood which has flowed in an unadulterated line from men of the Revolution to me is a thing of which to boast, even if my ancestor did fight in the ranks and tramp barefooted through the snows and storms from Lexington to Valley Forge. William

the Conqueror was the source of no more honorable line than that friend of Washington, Gen. Samuel Blatchley Webb, the ancestor of our worthy President, or the farmer, Israel Putnam, or the spy, Nathan Hale.

I have referred to what may be considered the special work of State societies. For one moment let me refer to some of the distinctive lines of work for the National Society; and, first, as I understand, its object is to awaken—to re-create, if you please—a distinctively American sentiment in favor of a distinctively American system of government; to revive the sentiment which existed when Massachusetts and Carolina stood foot to foot, knee to knee, and shoulder to shoulder in the struggle for independence; and when Hancock of Massachusetts, Henry of Virginia, Trumbull of Connecticut, and Rutledge of South Carolina were laboring and fighting for the establishment of the independence of their common country. In those days, the men who made the United States of America also made the laws by which those States were governed. As we compare the times then and now, how can we but exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen, and to what low estate have they come!"

In my experience I have seen men stand up in court and declare through an interpreter their intention to become American citizens; I have seen the same men a little later prove their right to citizenship, by right of residence, through an interpreter; have listened as the interpreter read to them the certificate which notified and informed them of their citizenship; and then have seen the same men led before the selectmen, and have heard them read a line from the Constitution translated into a foreign language expressly for them, and so become electors and possible legislators, fully competent, legally, to make our laws for us and to sit in our halls of legislation, although they could not speak our language nor comprehend our laws, and were absolutely ignorant of our system of government. We welcome to our shores the intelligent and the virtuous. We gladly welcome to full citizenship all who, by study of our laws and affiliation with our people,



understand our complex system of government and comprehend our liberal Constitution and by their acts and education show themselves worthy of the trust of citizenship. But we are afraid of the anarchist and the socialist, and we know that our institutions are not safe with anarchism and socialism and ignorance at the helm of the ship of state. Speed the time, and we, as Sons of the American Revolution, will be missionaries in the cause, when American citizenship is limited to those who, by birth or education, are in sympathy with us; and when this object is accomplished, then will one object of our National Society be accomplished, and this object can only be reached by means of education.

I cannot speak for the South, but in the North it is a cause of surprise how little is known of our immediate ancestors, how ignorant we are of the events which led to and culminated in the Revolution, and how we have forgotten the very names of the men who took important and prominent parts in laying the foundation of our Government. In order to enter the law school connected with one of our large universities, it is necessary to pass a preliminary examination. One question asked a would-be student in this law department was this : " Give the name of some high officer of the Revolution, who was guilty of treason, and state some fact in connection with this treason." And the written reply was, " I think you refer to Horace Greely, who attempted to sell his country to the enemy."

And this is not an isolated case of rampant ignorance. Men have become absorbed in the race for fame, position, wealth and honor, have forgotten family pride, and the claims of patriotism and country, and have fallen into a feeling of false security that the country is safe, and that its institutions will take care of themselves. The time is ripe and we must call a halt and return to the old paths in which the fathers trod when every true American felt that upon his shoulders rested the burden of maintaining the government in its purity, and the laws in their integrity. Mothers must again teach their infants that liberty and country are the first

M. M. O. U.

things to be thought of and the last things to be forgotten; and the fathers must see to it that the mile-stones along the highway of our country's progress are schoolhouses, and that over these schoolhouses shall float the American flag from the old liberty poles, every one of which shall be an exclamation point emphasizing patriotism and punctuating Americanism. We teach a little of everything in the common schools of our country, and a little American history is taught, but hardly sufficient to create an appetite for more, hardly enough to call it the alphabet of history. Patriotism is the cornerstone and keystone of our American institutions, and patriotism should be taught to every American child at all times and everywhere, and especially in the schoolroom; and this teaching should not only be by precept but by object lessons as well, which the eye should photograph upon the heart, and one of these object lessons should be the American flag, the only recognized emblem of the only true republic on the face of the earth to-day. In whatever lands its starry folds catch the rays of the sun, it is looked up to by struggling peoples, even as the weary Israelite in the wilderness looked up to the brazen serpent and was saved by the look. I trust the day is not far distant—and it is a worthy object for this National Society to hasten the day—when north and south, east and west, the schoolhouse shall occupy the corner of every highway, and over every schoolhouse shall float our glorious flag, the stars and stripes, an object lesson for every child and man, and then our youth, with Webster will say, “I was born an American, I will live an American, I shall die an American.”

But, Mr. President, I have already occupied too much time, and with a word I close. As I look back over the century now ended I seem to see our country as a person, and I hear it confessing, “The mistakes of my life have been many, the sins of my life have been more;” but, as I look into the future a brighter picture of glorious progress opens before me. Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution have now been organized in twenty-six States. The National Society

has been organized by delegates elected by them, and as a society it is already creating public opinion in favor of marking historic places and preserving historic documents. It is taking hold of patriotic enterprises and pushing them to completion; it is awakening renewed interest in the celebration of patriotic events, the observance of historic days; and, more than all, it is enkindling a new and deeper love of country among all classes and in all sections of the Republic, and is fanning to a brighter flame the smouldering fires of love for and devotion to distinctly American laws and American institutions. In this work the South has clasped hands with the North with a fervor unknown since the stirring times of '76; and the East and the West have joined in a new compact for the promotion of these grand objects; and when they are fully realized, then, indeed, will our country be one country, our desire for its enlargement will be truly national, and in this work the North and South, the East and West can unitedly engage without jealousy and without strife, save that noble strife which actuated the fathers whose sons we are.

Mr. President, we are both fortunate to-night and unfortunate. As I look around these tables I see them bordered and fringed with gentlemen from all parts of the country, and each of commanding ability, noted for their eloquence and learning in the halls of education and legislation, and the difficulty is to know upon whom to call to occupy the hour which we shall spend together this evening. There is one gentleman, however—I will take the liberty of calling him first—and I need not mention his name, for it is a household word North and South, East and West; a name synonymous with the noblest type of American citizen; a gentleman whose friends are confined to no party and to no section, but wherever they are they look to him as their champion and standard-bearer, and fondly anticipate the time when, instead of occupying the position of president of a railroad, he shall occupy the higher position of President of this great Republic. I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew of New York.



ADDRESS BY  
**HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.**

**“SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.”**

*Gentlemen:*—I am very glad to find that there is one subject on which the Sons of the American Revolution are united. I am quite willing to bear the responsibility which has been imposed upon me by the gentleman who has just taken his seat—until the National Convention meets, and then it will be discovered that there are several persons in that convention who have different views—and those views, I guess, will prevail.

It is an historical fact, interesting to us, that when the signers of the Declaration of Independence had appended their signatures to that immortal document, those signatures with which we are all so familiar, the wit of the convention said, “We will all hang together;” but when each of us, as we entered this hall to-night, appended his signature on the outside at the hat counter, I felt that we were veritable descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, though we incurred none of the perils of our ancestors. The only peril which we incurred was that we should all dine together.

It is an extraordinary thing that a hundred and seven years after the close of the Revolutionary War, there should be, for the first time, a national society formed to preserve the memory of the incidents and of the heroes of that great event. We differ from all nationalities in this respect. It is

the most superb tribute to the magnificent pace of our progress and to the volcanic character of our development, that, for one hundred and seven years, we have forgotten the events of our origin and the men to whom we are indebted. We come from races which are peculiar for their reverence for the past and for their worship of their heroes. The Teutonic, the Scandinavian, the Celtic, the French and the Latin races are remarkable for the manner in which they celebrate every trifling incident and every heroic event connected with their establishment as a race, their recognition as a people and their creation as a nation. The French go back to their early kings. The Teuton goes back to the chiefs who repelled the Roman invasion. The Scandinavian grows eloquent in song and heroic epic upon the vikings who ruled the sea. The Celt talks of the chiefs, who, in a traditional period, were magnificent beyond anything of which we have record in our own time. It seems to establish the sentiment that patriotism is made up of superstition and imagination, and that we are the most patriotic people in the world, without a trace of superstition and scarcely the semblance of imagination. All other races, all other peoples, all other nationalities, deify the heroes of their origin. We, on the other hand, look back with mortification to the superstitions which hung the witch, with contempt at the superstition which pursued with bigoted vindictiveness opposite creeds, and at the men of the Revolution with a horizontal view of their virtues and of their deficiencies, unequalled in the history of great peoples. And yet I take it, that, without superstition, and without imagination, there is no nationality that more thoroughly appreciates precisely what were the difficulties of their origin and precisely what it accomplished, than ours.

It is an extraordinary thing to look at the development of the Revolutionary soldier. For the first few years after the close of the Revolutionary War, he was a tramp whom the whole country feared. While he had been for seven years in the field, the country behind him had been earning a living and securing the means of a moderate competence. The

Nation itself, in its Treasury was bankrupt, and the fear was that, attacking first a bankrupt Treasury, he might, in order to secure that to which he was legitimately entitled as the hero who had made liberty possible to the people behind him, claim his rights. It is his glory that he preferred to be a tramp to being a revolutionist. During long years, having in the habits of the camp lost the ability to compete in the field of labor, having in the exigencies of the field exhausted his substance, for long years he was an object of mingled pity, contempt and fear to the people of this country.

Then came his second development. The country slowly, very slowly, rose as it grew more prosperous to a recognition of his unequalled services, of his unsurpassed and unequalled sacrifice, and recognized him by a pension so small that, comparing the pension and his patriotism, the one became infinitesimal and the other infinite.

Then came his third stage. By that time the patriotism of the country had developed into a condition where it was a glorious thing to celebrate the events of which he had been the creator; and, while it was not popular to pay the creator, the event could not be celebrated without his presence. So that the 4th of July, the Bunker Hill Monument, the stones that were erected upon historic ground, the funerals of the great heroes who were passing away, all, in the localities where they occurred, brought the Revolutionary soldier to the front to ride in an open barouche, the first one in the procession, to sit on the first seat in the platform, and at the banquet, in every sense, to get full. It was that period which developed the best, and the best remembered evidences of American orators. It was that which produced that magnificent apostrophe at Bunker Hill : "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation." It was that which led Edward Everett, on a famous occasion, to cause the old Revolutionary soldier, who had starved during the period until that celebration, to say to his family afterwards:

"A most extraordinary man, that Mr. Everett. He came around to my house the day before the celebration and said ·

'Are you the old Revolutioner?' And I said, 'I am.' Said he, 'I want you to be present to sit on the platform when I deliver my address, and to occupy the chair of honor, and when I allude to the old Revolutionary soldiers, the heroes of the War, I want you to arise.' When he began to speak of the Revolutionary soldier, troubled on account of my rheumatism, and more on account of my wounds, I got up on my crutches; and no sooner had I got up, than Mr. Everett said: 'Sit down, sir. Sit down. It is for this generation to stand in the presence of such as you.'

The orator of to-day has no opportunity for such a prepared impromptu.

But the last and most lamentable development of the Revolutionary soldier, as I remember him as a boy in Peekskill, was sitting around the door of the country store, waiting for the hospitable invitation, which should lead to that movement of his circulation, which he got in no other way and which he was unable to pay for himself. The old and the middle-aged men had heard his stories and had pronounced him the phenomenal liar of the neighborhood, but to the boys like myself he was a veritable hero. We stood there in jackets and short breeches, and listened with bated breath while, with gun or crutch, as the case might be, he told how he had suffered at Valley Forge, how he had fought at Bunker Hill, how he had crossed the Delaware with Washington, how he had won the victory at Monmouth, and how he had seen the sword of Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. The skeptic of the neighborhood said he was a sutler in Westchester County, and had never been outside the neighborhood. That never disturbed our faith in either himself or his crutch. And then he had a weapon terrible in its force, keen as the cimeter of Saladin, touching the vital point every time and leaving a poison that was never eradicated. Of those who treated him with contempt, he said to the boys: "See that man? I knew his father; he was a cowboy, a skinner in the Revolution." And born as I was, and passing my life amid these traditions of the neutral ground, there are names of

families which to-day, occupying as their representatives do, high positions in the State and in the church and in literature, I never hear mentioned, but that the poisoned arrow of the Revolutionary soldier brings up a prejudice in my mind, "You are the son or the grandson of a cowboy of the Revolution."

And so the old soldier passed away. Then came the War of the Rebellion; and the Revolutionary War, its heroes and its statesmen, as absolutely disappeared as if they never had existed. For twenty years, there was no celebration of a Revolutionary event, no recollection of a Revolutionary hero, no statement, in speech, or on occasion, of anything which referred to the origin of the Republic. The only recollection of the whole period was of Jefferson, because of a sentence in the Declaration of Independence; of Hamilton, because he stood for the nationality of the country.

Then came the centennials; but they were simply the picturesque celebration of an event to put it into an historical picture and then forget it for another hundred years. They meant nothing but the event and the hour. In the meantime, the tremendous strides, the magnificent progress, the terrific force of the enginery of civilization and of liberty within this country, were taking no note of that to which every son of liberty and son of religion must refer, if he would move in true line upon the true pathway of progress and liberty, referring in religion to his Bible, in patriotism to the heroes of the Revolution and to the Declaration of Independence, which set him upon his march, and the Constitution, which crystallized his efforts.

It is one of the happy incidents of a time of profound peace, a time of pleasurable union between all parts of this country, a time of the absence of controversy, when it is almost impossible to distinguish upon what we differ and about what we shall quarrel, that there arises once more both sentiment, imagination, and superstition, if you please. We deify, as our Saxon, our Teutonic, our Celtic, and our Latin ancestors did, the heroes of the Revolution. We place the

warriors, Washington, Mad Anthony Wayne, Green, Schuyler and Putnam, upon heroic basis, and love them as heroic pictures; they stand upon pedestals, not only in the temples of American liberty, but in the imagination of the American people. We take Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison and Jay, and we go back to the study of the principles which the initiated; and out of it we understand the glorious nationality which, embodied, signifies the Republic of the United States of America.

Beyond the Alleghanies is the great empire then unknown, now the centre of political power, now the growing home of the culture and Americanism of the future, now the location of the World's Fair; and while there is nothing in their territory to arouse revolutionary recollections, while there are no Bunker Hills, no Monmouths, no Princetons, no Yorktowns, yet there is in that country, with the moving spirit of the Yankee people North and South, for we are all Yankees now, that dominant sentiment of that old American cult, that old American race, which creates the State, rules the State; and this society, in these new commonwealths, in these new territories, will keep alive in the academies, in the common schools, in their celebrations, recollections of the heroes of the past and the statesmen who created them.





ADDRESS BY  
**REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.**

“NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.”

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* I am not the fortunate landowner, Mr. President, who owns the battle-field of Concord.\* He will speak to you by and by. To tell you the whole truth, my interest in this society was first awakened by an echo from Minnesota. I found that it was those people, who, in advance of us, had organized the Sons of the American Revolution. I received a series of letters last year from three supervisors of education in Minnesota at the same time, asking our assistance, the assistance of people connected with education in the East in the patriotic solemnities which are observed there, I think, twice a year in those schools; observed to make them love that flag, to make them love these memories as a regular bit of school business—children, half of whom I suppose were born in Norway, in Bohemia and Astrachan and heaven knows where, but not in America. That seemed to me a very interesting thing; and I was glad to inquire and glad to learn of the existence of an association like this, which makes it its business to preserve and protect such memories.

But yesterday, Mr. President—if you will let me speak to you as a New Yorker—when I was visiting one of the admirable charities of this great city, I should say half a mile south

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\* Judge Deming, as toast-maker, introduced the Rev. Dr. Hale as the man who owns the ground at Concord upon which the Minute men assembled.

of here and half a mile east, if you will allow me to characterize the region, where I fancy not one man or woman in twenty was born in America, I asked them what books they loaned out in the neighborhood. They said the children were in there all the time borrowing books. I asked them "What books did they borrow?" "They all want history; and, Mr. Hale, you would be interested to know that not one of these boys can speak English in its purity. The word history to them means American history, means the life of George Washington, means the life of Abraham Lincoln." They don't want you to give them the history of their Teutonic ancestors or of their Celtic tribe. They want the history of the institutions which carry out and make good a system of government different from any other system of government that ever was in this world before.

I have connected myself with this society most gladly and most loyally, because I believe its work of education is largely beyond what any of us can now state. I certainly will not pretend to state it. But I see all around me almost every day, among cultivated and intelligent ladies and gentlemen, the necessity of education in the American ideas, education about American government as distinct from feudal government and arbitrary government and absolute government, and all the other kinds. American government is distinct, as I said before, from any government that ever was in the world. Now I have had a lady of the highest distinction, of the best American blood, of the best training, of high reputation, ask me what was the difference between a United States Senator and a United States Representative. That woman knew the difference between a Duke and a Marquis; knew the difference between a Marquis and a Viscount; knew the difference between a Viscount and a Commoner; but she did not know the difference between a Senator and a Representative.

Well, I am not an old man, as you see, gentleman, but I can remember the day when we imported our story books, when we had not any authors of our own, when we imported our school books, and when I knew a great deal more about

English bullfinches, and about English robin red-breasts than I knew about American mocking birds, or than I knew about anything that was going on around me here. It is that sort of danger that I think it should be the business of this society to arrest, that we may know something of our American government here.

And (I was going to say the English of it), the American of it is that feudal institutions break down about fifteen minutes after the emigrant has landed here. We have got in Boston the old halberds that were carried before Winthrop, the first Governor. The inevitable question was, "What be them good for? What have those men got them things there for?" But it was not very long that the Governor went around with the halberdiers before him, that the American government had to institute itself, did institute itself, and institutes itself to-day.

What is the beginning of government? It is generally a road. How does the American build a road? There must be a road. A dozen of them get together and say, "We must have a road. We must go up to the Four Corners. We must all get together and we are going to get a road. We must all get together and build a road." The word "together" is the key-word. I fancy most of you here have been summoned by the road builder of the neighborhood to turn out either in person or by proxy to build a road. That is the way in which Americans build roads. You do not have to send up to Paris and ask the Secretary of Interior Improvements to select an officer of engineers, to select a sub-officer, who shall direct an apprentice of his to make out a plan for a road and have that sent down, to tell where the road shall go. You build a road and that is the end of it. You want a school: you don't send up to Albany to inquire of the University Trustees or Regents, or whoever they are—I dare say you are one of them yourself, Mr. President—to know if it is proper to have a school put into this region or that region. You get together some Sabbath day after meeting and say, "I guess we had better have a school here, and we will have a school meeting to-morrow

evening." The school meeting is called and the school is established. Mr. Tennyson has given the word for us, building better than he knew, and I have to alter a word or two of his lines to fix it for the occasion: "The common sense of each shall keep a fretful world in awe." That is the way America is governed. It is governed by the common sense of each. As dear Garfield said, "All the people are a great deal wiser than any one of the people." Now, it is immensely necessary that that should be remembered, because much more than half of what we read comes to us from feudal institutions. If we don't import the books we import the men who write them. We have some men writing for the morning papers or the evening papers, for this novel or that magazine, who may be the best fellows in the world, but who have not learned the American language.

You allude to the Centennial. Twice in one month, last April, I read in the newspapers in this city an allusion to President Harrison as the "ruler" of this great country. Harrison never called himself the "ruler" of this great country. Grover Cleveland never called himself the "ruler" of this great country. Neither of them are such fools. They knew that they were the Chief Magistrates of this great country. That is a very different thing. What is President Harrison the ruler of? I suppose in the strict sense it might be said that he is the ruler of the standing army, which consists of about thirty thousand men. I suppose he can tell those gentlemen where to go. And then the Navy—I think there are four vessels in the Navy now, are there not? He is the ruler of the Navy. And for the rest, he is the Chief Magistrate of this great country, and he knows he is. He has very large powers as Chief Magistrate, as foreign nations may find out some day; but he does not rule this country. This country rules him, and he knows that this country rules him. The great lesson that Abraham Lincoln had learned so well and which made Abraham Lincoln the leader, but not the ruler of this country—which made Abraham Lincoln the great leader of this country when a "headless democracy"

drifted to victory"—was that he knew who he was—the Chief Magistrate of this country, and never pretended that he was a mock king or emperor or viceroy.

Now I was considering where our literature comes from, considering where the men are trained who write it; the tendency of our young men to imitate foreigners. It is very necessary that at home, in the school, in the common work, in the newspaper, in everything that we do and everything that we say we shall be teaching people to speak the American language and not to be speaking French or German or Russian or even English.

The words that we use have been used in feudal times in different ways. This great word "people" which I have used a dozen times; I looked it up the other day. You will find the "people" spoken of by Cowley as the scum—actually the dregs or scum. You go to Shakespeare and you find Shakespeare speaking of them a good deal as we speak of the populace now; making the same distinction as the aristocratic Roman state, which spoke of the Roman Senate and the Roman people. As they say on the other side, "We must show the people, you know, what the people, you know, are to do, you know." But the American language says "We, the people, ordain this constitution." Any man who speaks of the people as the dregs, or speaks of the people as the populace, dishonors America, dishonors his sovereign, as a man might dishonor Victoria if he should throw something in her face when he stood before her. All that is to be remembered, and the children are to be taught what is the "fountain of honor." They must learn their own language. They must learn that an American elm is not an English elm; an American oak is not an English oak; an American locomotive is not an English locomotive; an American railway is not an English railway; an American president is not an English king; an American Senate is not an English House of Lords; an American House of Representatives is not an English House of Commons; the Episcopal Church in America is nothing like the Anglican Church in England; the Methodist Church in

America is nothing like the Methodist Church in England; the American newspaper is not an English newspaper; the American magazine is not an English magazine. You may as well get an English gardener here from Devonshire and set him to work raising fuchsias under our wintry climate of winter, and tropical sun of summer, as to be taking your politics or your morals from a French novel or from an English newspaper. The thing which we must teach these children is that the fountain of honor is not in any sovereign who sits on any throne, though he wear one crown or though he wear three crowns, Mr. President, but that the fountain of honor is the American people.





ADDRESS BY  
**REV. D. C. KELLY.**

“TENNESSEE IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.”

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* Would that some more fitting representative were here to speak for the Volunteer State—a soubriquet which comes down from the time of our Revolutionary sires, and has been vindicated by repeated actions upon her part since. At a time when Washington in a private letter had said, “I have almost ceased to hope,” a volunteer band from Tennessee began the movement which culminated in the decisive battle of King’s Mountain, a battle which turned the tide of destiny and hastened the hour of final victory at Yorktown. Many and many a winter’s night was my childhood thrilled and entranced with recitals of the part played by the heroes in this struggle, the more so as three strains of my blood are traced back to these men. King’s Mountain and its memories have been the fountain from which the early Tennessean drank deep draughts of patriotism, so that down the coming years, in every critical hour, our good State has *volunteered*, by deed and word, to prove her devotion to the fair fabric of the Ameriean Union.

When, in the war of 1812, she was too remote from the seat of government to be asked to take part, she again, under the call of Andrew Jackson, struck a blow at New Orleans which redeemed American arms from previous inefficiency, if not disgrace. When nullification sought to impede the progress of the Union, we furnished the man who, from the Presidential chair, said, “The Union, it must and shall be

preserved." Andrew Jackson but spoke what every Tennessee heart and hand bade him utter. It was a President nurtured at the breast of Tennessee ambition and patriotism who gave the empire from the Gulf to the Pacific, to the flag of the Union. And when the call was made for troops to vindicate the American honor, Tennessee volunteers gathered so thick and fast to the standard that the Secretary of War had to beg them to go home, that Massachusetts and New York might have an opportunity to take part in the war. Allow the recital of a characteristic compliment to the country now my home. To a timid politician, who feared that the climate and persistence of the Mexican soldier would be more than a match for American arms, Gen. Jackson, who was urging forward the war, replied, "Why, sir, I can take Gen. Winchester and two thousand of his Sumner County boys and run every Mexican soldier into the Pacific ocean." No man better than Jackson knew the readiness of Tennesseans to die for their country. He and they knew no country less than the *Union*.

When abolition persistence, and secession resistance threatened the dissolution of this Union, the blood of our Scotch-Irish patriots and Revolutionary sires held Tennessee true to her moorings to the Union. By a majority of 60,000, when the vote was submitted, we spoke for the Union. True, she afterwards entered the Confederacy, but first she had exhausted every effort looking toward peace. Who will censure her who remembers that she stood midway between two brothers; that when the little brother would not hear us, true to our history we volunteered to see that the big brother should not crush the little one; we stood by the weaker, we did our best and are not ashamed of our record. To-day we stand where we stood in the vote of 1860 for the Union. No man, North, South, East or West, loves more the stars which light our way to freedom, or the stripes which wrap us all in one brotherhood, than do the sons and daughters of Tennessee. Had our voice been heeded in 1860, there had been no secession, no coercion, no deluge of blood. Why recall

these facts now? I say this now because the hour has again become critical, and Tennessee again volunteers to speak from the standpoint of the Sons of the Revolution for the Union, fruit of their blood. In the race question, about which so much passion is gathering, Tennessee has no selfish interest; except two or three counties in West Tennessee, the negro plays a minor part in our State politics. We occupy, therefore, a position from which we can speak with both knowledge and candor. We know the negro, we love the Union, we ask the South and North, alike our brethren, to hear us. To the North allow a confession. We of the South are so provincial, have so much of old-time ways, are so little up with the electric movements of the times that we wear the prejudices of our fathers toward all other people than our own. We have not yet learned to be cosmopolitan in our loves. Next to the Southern white man, I do confess it, we love the Southern negro more than we do any other man, white, black or yellow. The Northern immigration agents have learned this to their sorrow. Our refusal to turn to any other laborers, our taxes to educate, our gifts to build churches for the negro, in other words, the movement of our pocket nerve affirms this as a fact beyond all doubt. We therefore come to ask the great, wealthy North that until it has associations as intimate and mutually profitable with the negro, until it knows him as we know him, until it has expended as large money toward his evangelization and education as we have done, it allow us to work forward along the lines we have projected, adding whatever of help she may, not along antagonistic, but co-operative lines. What we ask is that time be given the negro to prove himself. That we be trusted as partakers in the same Christian civilization to do our duty.

In this presence I turn to the South, to that part of it which has now a struggle to make such as the world has never seen, to that era where intelligence and virtue are numerically prostrate before ignorance and brutal lusts, and turning, I say, do justice, full justice, to the negro in all of his political and civil rights! give him rightful opportunity, and trust him in all

civil interests, to the fullest extent of his power, to sustain our Christain freedom; touch not the cart on which the sacred right of the ballot is being borne, though the oxen may stumble that draw it; sustain the constitutional amendments to which we pledged our honor in the hour when only honor was left us. I know your fears that the negro lust will lead him, with these rights conceded, to make dangerous the purity of your women, and taint the proud Anglo-Saxon blood of the generations to follow. This I do not believe will be the result. • Should it be attempted by force of brute or force of law, I pledge you the faith of the sons of the American Revolution, reared on Tennessee soil and scattered widely over the great West, to stand by you, if need be, in resistance to all *compulsion*, along this line until there shall be no Tennessean to bear the tidings from our Thermopylæ. We propose that the whole nation help us bear this burden—distribute them, if we may; if not, patience and co-operation must solve it. When it is solved, you will find Tennessee upon the right side of it; until it is decided, we stand for two things, and will gladly die in defense of either—the chastity of our women and the union of these States for which our Revolutionary sires prayed and bled.





ADDRESS BY  
**CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.**

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* It is the unexpected that always happens. Up to the instant in which my name was called I had not the faintest suspicion that such a catastrophe was impending. You call upon me to respond for the West when, in the presence of eminent representatives from Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul, I had every reason to expect immunity for myself and better luck for you. Accepting the inevitable, however, and placing the responsibility on the shoulders of our presiding officer, I shall face the music and not surrender without a fight. The West is full of good intentions, be the result what it may.

Perhaps the best evidence I can give you of the good intentions that pervade the new-born western branch of our society will be a brief statement of the difficulties, if not the dangers, which have surrounded the birthright of the Wisconsin Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Only a little while ago we heard reference to the fact that in some of the Eastern States competent voters are manufactured, after a declaration of their intentions and after the three years probationary period, from foreigners who are able, perhaps, by the aid of an interpreter, to translate a line or two of the Constitution. But in the West we have gone beyond that. It is my privilege to be a resident of a city that embraces probably two hundred and twenty-five thousand people, fully two-thirds of whom bear names which are indicative of their foreign birth or ancestry. In some of our streets one may at

any time meet the sign "English spoken here," as an encouragement to those who are of American birth to come in and purchase.

When the society was first referred to in our local papers, the Governor issued over his signature a call for its meeting. You have no idea with what promptitude and pugnacity the Democratic press of Wisconsin antagonized our infant effort, and strove to grind it into powder. Fancy the Sons of the American Revolution being denounced as members, not only of a society whose watchword was "Know Nothing;" who had a password and a grip which nobody could understand; but whose ultimate purpose was the utter eradication of the rights of all citizens who could not claim to be Americans by birth. Let me tell you that to anybody who has political aspirations in the Badger State nothing could be more damaging. I have not a doubt that my eminent friend here (Mr. Rublee) who ought to have been in my place, but who is now basely shirking at the end of the table, has forfeited all his chance of future preferment to the Senate of the United States by his alliance with this society.

All through the State of Wisconsin, especially in our breweries and our lager beer saloons, you may find suspended on the wall, a large picture; it represents a group of gentlemen attired, some in the Continental uniform, others in the dress worn by the Hussars, the Dragoons, the old Potsdam Fusileers of Germany. It bears a title which, translated, means, "The Chieftains of the Revolution." There, foremost among them, with his chapeau in one hand and his sword in the other, is Steuben. Now, I yield to no man in my appreciation and admiration of the services of the German Baron in the discipline and instruction that he gave to the Continental Army, but I look in vain for the names and figures that in my boyhood's days were familiar as household words. I look in vain for Knox and Gates, Schuyler, Putnam, Marion. Instead of them there are Steuben, Kosciusko, Pulaski, DeKalb and Poniatowski, or some other eminent foreigner. Why, there are seven generals represented in that picture

which is to be found all over our Badger State to-day, and there is only one American among them who is recognized as having had any part or parcel in achieving the independence of these colonies, and that one, by the grace of God and Germany, is George Washington.

And yet, I would not have you think for a moment that we have not national Germans among us. It so happens that the man whose name stands third on our list of membership is a citizen who can hardly speak the English language to-day without a strong German accent, and yet he said at our last meeting—and, by the way, it took four calls before we could get our people together—"I have come in defiance of what my neighbors have said; I have come in defiance of the tirades of the press; I am here because my ancestors came over and took up the gauntlet with the American colonies, and gave me and mine a place among you. I am not a German to-day. From my grandsire's time, from this time, from now until time immemorial through my descendants, I am an American." You do not begin to dream of the pluck that that took in our community.

Forgive me that I could not entertain you better. You have all heard the old nursery rhyme of "The Spider and the Fly." Had I dreamed of the fate in store for me to-night, you can depend upon it that this particular victim of a most alluring invitation would have thought twice before venturing in. But I believe you will bear me out in the assertion that I am by no means the first misguided little blue-bottle that has had to succumb to an indomitable Webb.





ADDRESS BY  
**JOHN C. CALHOUN.**

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* I did not know until yesterday that I was to be a guest at this hospitable board to-night. When I received the telegram from your President yesterday evening, requesting me to respond to a toast, I replied that the time was too short for me to do justice to such a subject. I must say, however, that I am deeply impressed with the importance of this organization and the great benefits which are to be derived from its extension in the future.

There are some questions that are of mutual interest to us all. I come from the State of South Carolina, which was the first to secede from this Union twenty-five years ago. She was true to her convictions. Nothing but the great war of four years through which we passed could have settled the divisions in this nation. I am one of those who believe in plain, outspoken words, because plain understandings make long friendships. The issues of that war have been decided upon the field of battle, and when I gave up my sword at the surrender of General Johnston in North Carolina, the issues of the past were dead with me, and I am sure they are with that section which I represent. There are, however, before us many questions which can only be settled by the whole country and not by a party; and the greatest of all of those questions to-day which rise before us paramount to everything else in this great country, is the negro question in the South. The devotion of the Southern people to the negro himself, and

their faith and their love for their former masters can be best illustrated by an incident which I will relate to you as having happened to me about ten or fifteen years after the war ended. I returned to my home in South Carolina, where a number of my former slaves called upon me after an absence of fifteen years, and the old foreman, "Wash"—George Washington was his name, but we called him "Wash"—stepping to the front, addressed me as "Massa Johnnie," and said, "We have called upon you to-night to express our gratitude at your having returned to this country, and to say that we want to see something of you while you are here. My wife, Hannah, who was your mother's cook, and myself have bought a little home about two miles from here, and we want to ask you if you wont come out and eat dinner with us tomorrow?" I said, "Wash, with a great deal of pleasure I will come." On the next day I mounted a horse and rode over two miles to Wash's home, where he had bought a hundred acres of land near Camden, South Carolina, the homestead of my ancestors. When I went to the house, a log cabin with two rooms, I found Hannah, who was my mother's old cook, and had provided many a good dinner for my mother's guests at our homestead. I knew just how it would be. There was only one plate at the table and that was for me. There was banquet enough to have served fifteen or twenty people. There was a tablecloth on the table with a hole in it and the initials of my family. It was one that my mother had given her, and around the room were photographs of the children of my father's family. Old Hannah was loquacious, but "Wash" was dignified, kept his arms folded during the whole dinner and did not open his mouth. Hannah asked me all about the different members of the family and all sorts of questions, and finally said, "Massa Johnnie, I want you to come outside and see all the people." I went outside and there were fifty or a hundred of my father's old negroes who had dressed up and come there to meet me. I had never eaten a dinner in my life that had given me such pleasure, and had never enjoyed an occasion so much in my

life as I did to go out and shake hands with those who had been my companions in my early life, and those who had grown up since. They were all glad to see me, and I spent an hour and a half or two hours with them. I went over to Atlanta, Georgia, and sent them back a number of barrels of sugar and sacks of coffee to be distributed among them as mementoes of the occasion. I simply mention this to show to you the good feeling that exists between the old masters of the South and the old slaves to-day. I, myself, have had a vast experience with negroes on the Mississippi River since the war, and was one of the first in the South to institute the system of tenants. I recognize the fact that the negro was made a citizen after the war, and was given the right of suffrage, and have endeavored to fit him for the duty of citizenship by interesting him in the products of the soil; upon the ground that a man who has his own home and finds himself surrounded by the products of the soil, takes much more interest in the country and becomes a better citizen.

I am a great believer in education as a great civilizer, and am one of those of the South who have endeavored to educate the negro. I think I understand him in all his attributes. When he is put under intelligent management, and will follow the advice of those who are more competent to administer his affairs, he will succeed. I have had some of them with me in Mississippi make enough money to go into the interior and buy homes of their own, but within three years have had them return to me and say, "Look here, I want my same land back again." "What has become of the home you bought?" "I done mortgaged it to Mr. Myer or somebody, some store-keeper, and he has foreclosed and took it away from me. I want my home back again." The great trouble is that the negroes of the South are not competent to manage their own affairs, and they want efficient and intelligent management, and I am one of those who don't want to see the negro problem left to the South alone. Seven millions of negroes are a very serious element in the South, but, when scattered throughout the great population of this country, sink into insignificance.

I want to see the intelligence of the North unite with that of the South and find the solution of this trouble, which has not been reached to-day.

Now, gentlemen, I am not going to make a speech, because I did not come here prepared for that purpose; but I only make one sentiment, which is, the success and prosperity of this organization of the Sons of the American Revolution. Let us strive as citizens of one country to take that flag and carry it into every part of the world and make it the highest emblem of modern civilization.





ADDRESS BY  
**COL. ETHAN ALLEN.**

“ETHAN ALLEN AND THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.”

Col. Ethan Allen began by referring to a Marshal of France, whose portrait hangs at Versailles; who, by the fortune of battle, had lost an eye, an ear, an arm and a leg in the service of his country. The old warrior thanked God that he still had left his heart to offer to his country. He continued in substance:

I have often thought that our heroes of the Revolution were epitomized by this soldier of France. We who are here assembled are not organized for a holiday purpose. There is work. We need an American sentiment. When a foreigner visits our shores, be he jockey or prince, the newspapers are filled with his views, telling what he thinks of us. We want a sentiment which shall change that, and make foreigners anxious to know what we think of them. Oh, for an Ethan Allen in our diplomacy, who once defied the tempter who offered to bribe and seduce him from his allegiance, and who, by his defiance, proved before the world that, “By the Great Jehovah,” he was every inch a man. It stirs us to our very centre when we read, as we have lately, that a representation of this great power at foreign courts have bent the cringing knee to kingly power, and, after kissing the hand of royalty, have gone to their own banqueting table, and that the first toast has been “The traditions and the history of the United States and their similarity to the history and the despotism” to which they were accredited. We say to our representatives, learn that the greatest honor is the majesty

with which you are clothed by this great government, and that the Republican head, which is surrounded with a halo of liberty, intelligence and progress, ranks with any head in Christendom surmounted by coronet or crown.

We have already done much for the world besides that which was done simply for our own advantage. It was our navy which drove the corsair from the seas. Through their prowess, for more than half a century, not a hostile gun has vexed the commerce of the world. The corsairs of the land remain; and to remove them is the work marked out for this organization of Sons of the American Revolution. The noble knights of the feudal ages still hold sway. They now take on the names of kings and emperors. From London, we hear of dens of infamy, kept only for the patronage of the creatures who flutter around the throne. From Berlin we hear of *lettres de cachet*, the cruel instruments of tyranny, by which people may be captured, imprisoned and condemned, by autocratic will, and no one bound to tell the reason why. And from further East we hear of human beings being tortured by the refinement of cruelty, men dying from starvation and worse, and women uttering their death shrieks beneath the Russian lash. The people of those countries plead to us as their only hope and refuge. It is our duty to extend to them the hand of sympathy, as one might say to them, "Arise and walk."

We are the wealthiest nation in the world. We are the strongest. We have 7,000,000 fighting men, and our bayonets and swords think. We are the freest nation. America is the beacon of hope to all mankind. The time is coming when other nations must be remanded to the rear, as having had their day. May the Sons of the American Revolution speed the time. The world shall hear and understand, that, although the fathers of our Revolution have been gathered to their graves, yet their "souls are marching on."



ADDRESS BY  
**HON. WARNER MILLER.**

*Mr. President and Gentlemen* :—I appear here to-night as a guest of the Sons of the American Revolution. I barely escaped being a host. Some time ago, when the society was being organized in the State of New York, I was asked to become one of its charter members. The papers were sent me for my signature. I was too busy then in politics or in business to sign and respond. But I cannot say that I regret it, Mr. President, for to be a guest at this hospitable board is certainly a thing to be prized more than the holding of the position of host. It has given me great pleasure to be here to-night, first, chiefly, to meet my friend, Mr. Depew, with whom I have been associated somewhat in the last few days, and to find him in such good spirits. I only regret that, having fired his shot, he has left us. On Monday night and Tuesday of this week, I think he was the bluest and most disconsolate man I ever knew. I do not think he had the slightest idea then of ever being a candidate for President of the United States. To-night he stood up smiling, when our toastmaster nominated him for the next Presidency, and he accepted it without the slightest hesitation. I have no doubt whatever, that, if we had had the benefit of the efforts of the Sons of the American Revolution at Chicago in 1888, we might have made him President then; and I am very sure that, if we could have rallied this association at Washington a few days ago, we should have come out triumphant there.

I was struck with Mr. Depew's proposition that for more than one hundred years we had forgotten our fathers, that we had ceased to celebrate their virtues and to dwell upon their great exploits and heroism. There may be somewhat of truth in that criticism, and yet I feel that it is not fully true. We have not during these hundred years and more, forgotten the virtues of our ancestors, and if there may be something of truth in the criticism, may this not come from the fact that during this century we ourselves and our immediate predecessors have taken up the contest which our Revolutionary fathers laid down, and that, after having achieved the independence of this country, they found before them a great continent, which was to be subdued and brought into civilization. That work has been done, Mr. President, in a very large part. One hundred years ago our civilization was confined to a narrow strip upon the Atlantic coast; it had not yet really scaled the Alleghany Mountains. I do not forget that bold pioneers from North Carolina and from Virginia had gone over the mountains and had done what the representative of Tennessee here to-night has related, and had made a Constitution for a free government. Nevertheless, we were then substantially confined to a narrow strip upon the Atlantic coast. During this one hundred years, if we have forgotten our fathers, we certainly have been emulating to a certain extent their energy and their heroism, for we have conquered a continent. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is to-day no foot of land which we do not possess, no foot of land which our enterprising and energetic citizens have not traversed, have not surveyed and have not brought out its full value, whether it be in mineral land, or agricultural or in timber. To-day we have, perhaps, come down to the time when we can properly rest; and when we can glorify ourselves upon what our forefathers have done. Perhaps we have come to that period in our history when our greatness is chiefly a borrowed greatness; when we inherit our wealth and our title and our position in society, and all the great blessings which come to us from modern civilization; and still I am not willing for a sin-

gle moment to admit that we have come to that position. Certainly in a place like this I would not admit it for a single moment. I look around me and I see scores of gentlemen who look harmless, who look mild as lambs and innocent as doves, who dress in the regalia of modern society, who would pass anywhere as elegant gentlemen, but still who in the past twenty-five years have engaged in as many heroic and brave enterprises as the history of the world can produce; though they may not weigh more than one hundred and fifty pounds avordupois, and who, perhaps, may have very slender muscles, yet who, by the power of their intellects have led hundreds of thousands of men to brave encounters, and who have done credit to our race, to our forefathers, and to our nation, not only at home but in foreign lands, Mr. President. No, we are not the degenerate sons of the American Revolution. Although we may take our ease at banquets like this, yet the history of the past quarter of a century teaches us that whenever our country shall call upon its best blood and its best intellect, it will always find them among that class of our people who are the best educated and who hold closest in their hearts the memory of our ancestors.

I have listened with much interest to the words which have been spoken by the representatives here of Tennessee and of South Carolina, in regard to one of the great burning questions of the day. I do not propose to discuss it at all; but I will say that the words of wisdom that have been spoken here, the words of patriotism, lead me to believe that, perhaps from this common ground of the Sons of the American Revolution, where the blue and the gray may meet upon a perfect equality, perhaps much may be done towards solving this difficult problem, and that, by the same loyal spirit that made one people out of the thirteen Colonies, we shall be able, in the very near future, Mr. President, to bring out of the present contest upon this question, a condition of affairs which shall prove that the loyalty of American citizens, that the loyalty and patriotism of the Sons of the American Revolution, are sufficient at all times and under all conditions to

settle all great questions that may come before the American people. Therefore, to-night, in these few words, and simply as a guest of this association, I desire to thank you and the society for the pleasure which you have given, not only to me, but to all the guests that have assembled here from the various States of the Union; to thank you for bringing us here in order that we might witness and know more of the spirit and the intention of this society. Finally, in conclusion, I believe that the spirit which has organized this society; which is evinced here to-night, is destined to carry it to a great future and a great success.





ADDRESS BY  
**MAJOR J. C. KINNEY.**

“CONNECTICUT IN THE REVOLUTION.”

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:*—What could the most silver-tongued of after-dinner orators do at such an hour as this, with such a theme as you have assigned to me, with the knowledge that he has less than five minutes to give to it. There is no good son of Connecticut who is not proud of her, proud of her from the days back 250 odd years ago, when, begging the pardon of my friend from Tennessee, certain of her citizens met in the goodly town of Hartford, and there framed and adopted the first written Constitution of a self-governing people that the world ever knew, proud of her from that day down to her latest patent invention to save labor, to increase knowledge, to promote comfort, to destroy life, or to put a nickel in the slot. They are particularly proud, sir, of her Revolutionary record. Of the thirteen Colonies, Connecticut was the only one which had a Governor that dared to champion the cause of the commonwealth against the crown—noble Jonathan Trumbull, perhaps better known as Washington’s “Brother Jonathan.” We have a lineal descendant bearing the same name with us here to-night, the honored Vice-President of the Connecticut Society.

The little Nutmeg State, as she is sometimes contemptuously called, furnished more men to the Revolutionary struggle

than any other State, with the single exception of Massachusetts. I am inclined to think, that if we take the proportion of population into consideration, she stood ahead of Massachusetts. She gave of her sons forty thousand. New York, now the Empire State, gave less than eighteen thousand. In all the battles and campaigns around this little island, Connecticut had more men in the field than any other State, and twice as many as New York.

I mention these few frozen facts of history merely to give you an idea of what I might say to you, if I had a week instead of five minutes in which to talk. I believe, in this distinguished assemblage, to-night, that if a show of hands could be called, more men would be found claiming ancestry from Connecticut than from any other State.

I bring to you, Mr. President and gentlemen, the greeting of the Connecticut Society. Only eleven months old, it has a membership of over three hundred, and on its rolls are names by the score, which represent the household names of heroes of a century ago. At our first dinner, a week ago, at one table there were seated the lineal descendants of Jonathan Trumbull, Israel Putnam, Oliver Wolcott, Jedediah Huntington and Timothy Dwight, and not far away were the representatives of Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth and Jeremiah Wadsworth.

We are grieved to know that a society in this city, whose President and Treasurer and perhaps one-third of its membership point with pride to their Connecticut ancestry, is unwilling to recognize Connecticut's equal right with New York or any other State in an organization whose chief object is to perpetuate the memory of those ancestors. We are pleased and proud of the fact that the new and vigorous New York State Society, selected for its President a gentleman who, while the whole nation is proud of him, himself, like most other truly great men, traces his Revolutionary ancestry back into old Connecticut. And, finally, we take satisfaction in the fact that our little State furnished to the National Society the distinguished ancestry of our President-General, in that

gallant soldier and friend of Washington, General Samuel Blatchley Webb, one of the founders of the Society of Cincinnati, at whose old mansion in Wethersfield, Washington met with the Count de Rochambeau, and planned the campaign which ended in the victory of the Continental cause at Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis.





ADDRESS BY  
**MR. GEORGE G. BENEDICT.**

*President Webb and Brother Descendants of the Men of the American Revolution :—*They say that Vermonters are a clannish set, and we have to plead guilty to the offense, if such it be. That we are so, is perhaps explained, in part, by the fact that Vermont had a unique Revolutionary history. Our little State, as you know, was never a colony of the mother country. It never passed through any period of territorial tutelage. A portion of debateable ground, claimed by New York and New Hampshire, it stood up for itself and declared itself to be an independent commonwealth. It organized its own government, it established its own postal system, it appointed its own Postmaster-General, it coined money, and exercised other powers and attributes of sovereignty. Denied admission to the new Union, Vermont for thirteen years maintained this attitude of independence, yet it was as loyal to the cause of American Independence as if it had been one of the old thirteen States whose first-born child it in time became.

The commissioners that took to the Continental Congress the announcement of the organization of the Independent Commonwealth of Vermont, tendered to the Congress the services of five thousand hardy freemen for the maintenance of American Independence. As there could hardly have been five thousand families in the State of Vermont, this was an offer of a man from every household. And if you will turn to our records, you will find our little State in its penury, for

it was still a wilderness, appropriating large sums for the maintenance of its troops in the field. It furnished two full regiments to the Continental Army, and it offered to pay their expenses from its own treasury. The Green Mountain boys, under Ethan Allen, captured the first forts, those of Ticonderoga and Crown Point (powerful works, armed with over two hundred cannon) taken from the British. They defended alone, their own territory and part of New York, and they fought side by side with their brothers of the other States throughout the war of the Revolution.

Now, sir, having such a history, of which this is but a single page, we have learned to be somewhat proud of our Revolutionary record; but, sir, there is nothing exclusive about us. Vermont is the only State of which it can be said, that to-day more than one half as many of her sons reside in other States as reside within its boundaries. The last census showed that; the next census will perhaps show that nearly two-thirds as many native Vermonters reside in other States as are found within our own borders. Having thus brothers in all the States, we are bound to them all by ties of blood as well as of patriotism, and we fraternize most cordially with every other branch of this society.

Permit me to say, in this connection, in reference to a somewhat widely circulated statement to the effect that the Vermont Society hesitated about joining the National organization, that I am not aware upon what fact or misconception that statement was based. I know of no foundation for it; on the contrary, we have from the first expected to belong to the National organization, whenever it should be organized, and we gave to it our early and complete adherence. And so, taking no more time, I say, long life and health to our genial host to-night, our worthy and efficient President-General, whose efforts to make our organization truly national, I am sure we all appreciate and applaud. We of the Green Hills have been glad to adopt him, as almost a Vermonter, for his summer home is on land granted to his ancestor for patriotic service in the State of Vermont, and we claim him as half a

Vermonter. And long life and health to our National Society and its affiliated branches in the various States, which are already doing so much to strengthen patriotic sentiments throughout our land, and are destined to do so much more to cement the States together by the strong ties of fraternal feeling, in a true and indissoluble union of hearts as well as of sovereign, sister commonwealths.





ADDRESS BY  
**GENERAL J. G. MCCULLOUGH.**

*Mr President* :—I did not expect to be called on to say anything, nor was my appearance to be a part of this entertainment. Besides, the time has flown so rapidly and pleasantly that you may not realize the fact, though such it is, that the “noon of night” has already passed, and that you are now trespassing on the forbidden hours of the Sabbath.

Dr. Webb deserves all commendation for bringing us together on this occasion, and on the very handsome and happy manner in which all the appointments have been fulfilled. And, even at this late, or rather, early hour, I may be excused for saying a word.

In these latter days, when on almost every festive occasion and at every appropriate gathering (and sometimes inappropriate ones) we hear sung, and sung worthily, the praises of the virtues and the valor of the sons and survivors of the War of the Rebellion, upon the one side or the other, it is surely something grateful and unusual to know and to hear that the *fathers* have not been entirely forgotten; that without the fathers there would have been no sons, and that the fathers of these sons were the men who wrought out and constructed the edifice which the deeds of the sons preserved. It is supremely fitting, therefore, that occasions like this should be offered, when, by speech and song, the memories of the sires of the Revolution may be revived, and—going back a century—the recollections of those who stood sponsors at the birth of the Nation may be rehearsed, and the old story, no, the story,

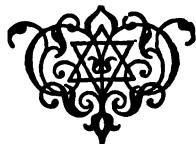
that never grows old, may be retold again and again of the deeds that were done from Lexington to Yorktown. The shot at Lexington is still reverberating around the world. Emerson's "embattled farmers" and their compatriots from '75 to '81, aye, to '89, whether on field or in council chamber, grow greater in the world's estimation the more their lives are studied and the history of the long struggle is investigated; and any society, whether the Order of the Cincinnati, or the Sons of the American Revolution, or any other that will encourage the study of the stalwart virtues of the founders of the Republic, is worthy of imitation and commendation. All history teaches us that the greatest nations have ever been the proudest of their ancestors. It was true of Greece and Rome, and it is true of England; yet we would fain believe that no nation, either of ancient or modern times, was ever born beneath a luckier star, or opened its young eyes under more auspicious skies than our own Columbia. We believe her to be what the Revolutionary poet claimed she was:

"The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

Yes, and her sons can never be made too familiar with every incident that occurred at Bunker Hill, every deed that was done at Cowpens, at Valley Forge, or at Yorktown; every earnest word that was spoken in debate, every patriotic phrase that was uttered, every patriotic aspiration that was breathed on the floor of Carpenter's Hall or Independence Hall, or during the sittings of the Constitutional Convention.

And, Mr. President, if the time should ever come when the descendants of those who fought for and achieved our independence, who won our freedom, and by wise counsels imbedded it in a written constitution, who framed the most magnificent fabric, and organized and set in motion the finest mechanism or representative government the world has thus far witnessed, shall forget the lessons of wisdom and of patriotism to be learned at the cradle of the great republic, they will have outlived their constitution and their country;

but we are persuaded such time will never come, and they will never forget. This society at least, and such as this, we would gladly believe, will always keep brightly burning the fires of patriotism on the altar of our country, and will serve in great measure to transmit this priceless heritage with all its attendant blessings unimpaired and undiminished to the latest posterity.





ADDRESS BY  
**MR. JOHN W. BUCHANAN,**

**Secretary of the Kentucky Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.**

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen* :—It is generally understood in Kentucky that when one gentleman insults another, the result is an apology, a fight, or a foot race.

I think the same rule ought to prevail on occasions of this kind; that when a gentleman is called upon for a speech, he ought to respond, or apologize, and I want to say I am now ready to apologize.

My impulse is to run, but to run would be to disgrace the State whose representative I am to-night, and would also, probably, cause my revolutionary ancestors to turn over in their graves.

The office which I hold in the Kentucky Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is not that of orator, but of one whose duty it is to record what others may say and do—the office of Secretary.

I am to-night in the predicament of a cavalryman I once heard of, who, during the late war, got lost from his command, and, consequently, became confused. Seeing a lady standing at a gate by the roadside, he stopped his horse and said to her politely, “Madam, will you be kind enough to tell me where I am now, and how far it is to the next place?”

I cannot better express my appreciation of this dinner than by telling you that I left my wife and two small sons of

the American Revolution, and braved the perils of nearly a thousand miles of railroad travel in order to be here to-night, that being my sole object in making the journey.

I have truly enjoyed this dinner in all its courses except the one I am now furnishing, and which, I assure you, I did not know was on the card.

I have heard that it is a common belief outside of Kentucky, that all Kentuckians are at least six feet tall, and that all are gifted with oratory. Somebody has said that the first sentence framed by all Kentucky boy babies is, "Friends and fellow citizens;" but, gentlemen, I can refute those impressions, for, as you see, I am only five feet seven inches long, and I am sure that, as to oratory, I can secure from this audience a unanimous verdict of "not guilty, as charged in the indictment;" but I can at least thank you for the compliment implied by calling upon me for a speech. I regret that there is no silver-tongued orator present from Kentucky to-night, to sound the praises of that State, famous the world over for its beautiful women, its brave men, its horses fleeter than the Arabian barb, its clear water and fragrant mint, and that other ingredient so necessary for the compounding of a drink said to be fit for the gods—commonly called a mint julep—and I will say parenthetically, famous also for occasional shooting scrapes; but, as Mr. Blaine said about the trusts, "They are largely private affairs in which the public is not concerned;" but my regret is tempered by the pleasing reflection that all of you, or at least most of you, will be in Louisville at the Annual Convention of the National Society on the 30th of April, at which time Kentucky will speak for herself.



ADDRESS BY  
**REV. WM. R. PARSONS,**  
**PRESIDENT OHIO S. A. R.**

(Prepared, but not delivered, owing to the lateness of the hour.)

“ OUR REVOLUTIONARY FATHERS. ”

Long ago, one of the ancients said most beautifully, that, “ We never begin to live till we are dead,” and this remark applies with great force to our Revolutionary fathers. Illustrious men ! How vast their fame, how sublime their integrity, how exalted their virtues ? To them we give our enlightened admiration, sincere gratitude, and profound respect. From them we received our genius for political institutions. The Americans in their form of government have the most perfect examples of liberty, based on constitutional law, the world has yet seen. All this is in harmony with the genius of the people. Our fathers were not experimenting with unknown forces and untried methods; they rather combined with an organic whole, growths and forces long familiar to them. Local self-government in the colonies had prepared the way for this—experience and race instinct was brought to its crown and glory.

And as the race progresses, the historian will accord them still higher veneration. For their names and fame will give immeasurable significance to integrity the most pure, justice the most inflexible, and self-sacrifice the most sublime.

As we go back to the beginning, and let that be the year 1789, we see the talent, the learning, the courage and virtue,

patriotism and moral law that united in order to realize the meaning of the term "liberty." This moral law, beauty and dignity, sustained by energy, by wisdom, at their touch became creative, and Liberty herself was crowned immortal. So man in his jural relations with others can realize liberty in its fullness by developing his self-hood, yet under the moral law which recognizes the rights of others.

The equal rights of man, personal liberty as we understand it, was all unknown to the republics of Greece and Rome; it is only in the last quarter of the last century, that what we now speak of as equality and liberty, took hold of the life of the world.

High and noble ideas of citizenship need to be strengthened and enthused among our whole people. As noble deeds are more potential than words, if we live up to the level of our best thinking, in our social and political relations, as in our private life, then our beneficent system of government is safe. Would we be abreast of time, then we must be strong in soul power, clearness of vision and individual personality.

The grand men of the Revolution had a genius for philosophy, power of reflection, that separated them from all false authority. They had a genius for humanity, power of instinct which made them despise the practice of such as said and did not, though they had lordly titles and claimed divine rights. The day will come when the great humanity will look upon these majestic men, sympathetic with unmeasured and unwasting love. They will be changed into their image and likeness, and speak their highest word and emulate their glory. We know that since their higher and better thought have visited our race, a new power has been consciously among us. Their grandeur was enhanced by a greatness of the highest type. They were the great strategists, majestic chiefs who planned campaigns, whose field should be an empire, and whose duration an age. What they did, tells what they were! In all the past, there is naught so grand or brilliantly triumphant. Their greatness is the climax of our joy and our confidence.

When we ponder the history of these stalwart men, what they thought, said and accomplished, we feel the power of their inner life—so intensely active, grand and interesting. They had new and sublime thoughts for their thinking. They sowed a continent with ideas and principles that brought forth a harvest of immeasurable good; that have filled the whole land with songs and shoutings. Here flourished the irrepressible convictions of the rights of man. A prophecy of what must be—the infinite right.

This is a rare occasion—an occasion for gratitude and congratulations. For congratulations that this National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution had perfected its organization, and has been so fortunate in its chosen officers.

This companionship, this elect company, these devoted men, help us in our homely every-day lives. Life is made up, for the most part, of little pains and little pleasures. The great wonder flowers do not bloom for every one; but any great work that unites men in a grand purpose is such a flower, the fragrance of which will fill the ages.

Beyond the immediate intentions of this society will be felt the promotion of a national patriotism, that will draw all sections into a nearer and dearer fellowship and kind-hearted interest. This will go on till fraternity shall widen and deepen throughout this broad land.

The Yankees have a singular collection of words about deacons. They tell us that “all deacons are good deacons, but there is odds in deacons.” There is a magnanimity in our association in which we bury our strifes, and guard sacred liberty for all our millions. And no people and no nation was ever so frankly magnanimous as America. This liberty brings us into friendlier familiarity; for there gathers about us an innumerable company, the heroes of the American Revolution, our fathers, our ancestors. This is a high and holy vision—

“ Not to dwarf us by their stature, but to show  
To what bigness we may grow.”

The solemn centuries—the anointed priests—enthrone the true kings of God. Bunyan is greater to-day than ever. Milton was never so visible in all the outlines of spiritual majesty. Shakespeare communes with the wide world.

About living men we have opinions, about dead men we have judgments. They are part and parcel of our substance and destiny. Here, a free country grows free men, and free men honor the responsibilities of liberty. To-night our gracious task has been eulogy, and its flowers are not dead; but rooted in earth and sun. In all this there is comfort, priceless, full and abiding. For we believe in deferred gratitude—it inspires eulogy, and all that is magnanimous in justice. These men of the Revolution were the creators of prophecies, poems and progress. The memories which we memorialize work like a spell upon the imagination and reverence, and are in the keeping of universal love—which educates toward completeness and liberty.

“When the war drum throbs no longer,  
When the battle flag is furled,  
In the parliament of man—  
The federation of the world.”

The revolutionary fathers were the product of the mighty past. They were in the long schooling of the ages. They had pressed through the horrors of a wilderness preparation, and hailed the coming of the great and notable day when monarchy on this continent should be smitten to the death, and wholly new political philosophy should crowd the highways of time with a new order of people—and the door of a proud nation’s capitol should be within the reach of the lonely cabin, and the tow-paths of our inland waterway would lead to the highest office in the gift of any people, of any clime or time.

We must realize that each generation is destined to confront new and peculiar perils—to brave some dangers, some new seduction unknown before; yet, the giant wrongs which we once deemed invulnerable; how like a dream they have passed away! And is not this progress a general law of

our being? There is an ordered life about us, names and memories which are a strong tower, "a munition of rocks." But there is a trust and faith that makes a soft pillow for Sorrow's cheek, warmth to the clasp of friendship, that ever clings to the hand; consolations voice an eternal echo on the ear. There is a quality in the tone, a luminous smile, the eloquent eye and we feel a related life. It is like the ministry of dew in nature—it adds something to the rarest beauty, and multiplies the sun-flash that falls on it like a blessing.

There is a legend among the dwellers by the Rhine, that on one night in every year, when the moon is at its full, the great Imperial Charles emerges from his tomb, and again visits the scenes he loved on earth. When the moonbeams fall on the noble river and fling from bank to bank a bridge of light, upon that bridge of moonbeams the monarch walks, calling down blessings upon all the German land. He blesses the earth, the corn-fields, the cities, the towns, the sleeping people, all, and his loving mission ended, he retires softly to his resting place.

These traditions and legends may be an idle fancy, but I can think that in this vast city to-night, the founders of the republic are here by their genius and spirit—they are here to renew in every thoughtful heart the patriotism that fired their own. They are here in all that constitutes us a brave, free and united people. They are here in all their sublime integrity, which poured itself into our whole land, and so made America magnanimous and transcendent in glory before the world.

And now I conclude by repeating: "We never begin to live till we are dead." While they lived they wrote the prophecy, and the parable of the unseen, and the sublime possibilities of America. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our times, we have been gathering and storing their chief ideas, their supreme convictions, divine right of liberty in man. Organized institutional liberty—liberty through land, and law through liberty.

What grandeur of spirit!—beautiful as light, and eternal

as the heavens. American ideas, American history, and American feeling ! All for each, and each for all, in endless harmony. And after these long years, we see what our fathers of the revolution saw; that peaceful rule and popular contentment find their chief support in religion and morality. And as we look at our immense wealth, our national growth and prosperity and political wisdom, we must make our humble confession in the language of Washington when he said:

“ It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.”





## LETTERS.

SENATE, PARIS, February 29th, 1890.

\* *Mr. President:*—I am very sensible of the honor conferred upon me by the invitation which you have so kindly extended me to attend the banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution on March 1st, at New York, over which you have the honor to preside. I should have been delighted to assist at a manifestation so eminently patriotic, replete with associations dear to me as well as to yourself; my parliamentary duties, however, as Senator, have such imperative claims on me that I am perforce compelled to stay at home. While conscious of the distinction implied by your invitation, I can but beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for the gratification that I feel at your remembrance of one so fortunate as to be the possessor of a name which neither you nor I will ever forget.

Mr. President, accept this expression of my regrets, and also of my lively gratitude; and also convey to your colleagues the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

EDMOND DE LAFAYETTE,  
Senateur de la Republique Francaise.

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WAR DEPARTMENT,  
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27th, 1890.

*My Dear Sir:*—In my letter to you of the 8th instant, accepting your invitation for Saturday evening, March 1st, to meet the representatives and members of the Societies of the

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\* Translated.

Sons of the American Revolution, I stated that I might find at a late day that it would be impossible for me to go. I regret that that contingency has arisen, and I must beg you to excuse me as you kindly promised to do in yours of the 11th.

I the more regret my enforced absence because this gathering recalls a period in our National life which we can not keep too prominently before us. Our people are aggressive, and above all, progressive. It is not the present, much less the past, but rather the future which engages the best thought of our country. It has made us probably the most prosperous if not the most powerful country in the world. In the midst, however, of this restless activity, the danger is we may not heed enough what has gone before. The patient struggle and the conservative patriotism of our ancestors in their struggle for the freedom of the colonies and the establishment of this Government, contain lessons which cannot be learned too well.

The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, whose object is so distinctively the preservation of these patriotic memories, deserves the largest measure of success. I have been pleased to note the progress it has already made, and also your own personal efforts, as their chief officer, to that end, which deserve great commendation.

With kindest wishes for this present meeting and the future of the society, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

**REDFIELD PROCTOR.**

Dr. William Seward Webb,  
President-General, &c.,  
New York City.

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INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 28th, 1890.

*W. S. Webb, Esq., President S. A. R.:*

DEAR SIR:—I regret my inability to be present at the meeting of the members of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in New York next Saturday.

I most sincerely wish the society success. Its design is certainly in the line of the purest and broadest patriotism, and deserves success.

It is in no sense exclusive or aristocratic, as it opens wide its doors to the descendants of all who aided in achieving our success in the great Revolutionary struggle, without reference to rank in the army.

It encourages not only a feeling of love of country, but of universal good will and brotherhood.

In my judgment, it is especially commendable in tending to promote unity and kindly feeling between sections of our country unfortunately divided in modern times, whose aim now should be to forget these disagreements in the cultivation of the old brotherly love, and the perpetual remembrance of the sore trials and final triumph of our fathers when they stood together as one people in securing that great event in the world's history—the independence of the United States of America.

Very respectfully,  
Wm. H. ENGLISH.

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EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
FRANKFORT, Ky., March 8th, '90.

*Colonel W. S. Webb, President National Society of the Sons  
of the American Revolution, New York City:*

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that my time has been so engrossed by the duties devolving upon the executive of the commonwealth during the sittings of the General Assembly, that I have been unable to give to the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, the attention which so eminently patriotic an association deserves.

At a time when there seems to be a tendency to organize associations of some other character, which are local or sectional in their efforts, if not in their purposes, it is fortunate, I believe, for the future of our country, that we are building our structure on a foundation as broad as the Union, and that its parts will be cemented into a harmonious whole by the

memories of a common patriotism, and a common interest and a united struggle resulting in the independence and freedom which we now enjoy.

We have received this heritage from our fathers. It is for us to do everything that can be done in our day and generation to transmit it with unimpaired glory to those who may come after us.

Respectfully and truly yours,

S. B. BUCKNER.

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SENATE CHAMBER,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8th, 1890.

DEAR DOCTOR WEBB:—Yours of the 4th came duly. I was very sorry not to be able to attend your dinner on the first instant, although I could only receive the society's hospitality as a courtesy, for, as I wrote General Peck, at the time of the Revolution, all my ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were active and consistent members of the Society of Friends, and none of them could have been, therefore, actively engaged in the military operations of the Revolution.

I am sure the objects of your society are most interesting and valuable, and if all the worthy lineal descendants of the soldiers of the Revolution become its members, you will have, if there be any confidence to be put in the laws of population, an army much greater than the whole body of the Revolutionary Army of the United States. But it will doubtless be a good and patriotic army that always by the forces of peace, when possible, and by military force when necessary, will protect and defend the Republic.

Very truly yours,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

Dr. William S. Webb,  
Grand Central Depot,  
New York.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,  
CHICAGO, ILL., March 11th, 1890.

*W. Seward Webb, M. D., President N. S., S. A. R., New York:*

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 4th inst., asking my views with reference to the establishment of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The perpetuity of our institutions and our governments must depend, ultimately, upon the patriotism of our people, and whatever influence tends to develop or keep alive this feeling, deserves to be fostered.

There has been so much that is glorious in our history to celebrate—especially in the more recent events, which have consolidated our power as a nation, and given strength to the struggling colonies which at first formed our republic—that we are inclined to lose sight of and forget the sacrifices of every kind which its establishment imposed upon our Revolutionary sires.

It seems to me that during these anniversary years, when men naturally look backward at the past, the dangers of the present are apt to be lost sight of. That there are elements of danger lurking in our commonwealth, none can deny, and I believe that such organizations as the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution can be made of vast benefit in the present conditions of our country. Pride in the lives of noble ancestors is often the incentive to noble deeds, and what more glorious heritage can any of us have than the fact that our fathers perilled everything that their children might be free.

If, as many think, we are drifting as a nation away from our old landmarks, that, with our increase in population, drawn so largely from the poorer classes of despotic countries (freedom so often means license) what can be so likely to bring us back to our moorings, if drifting, and hold us in good anchorage, as such societies, whose object and sole purpose is to inculcate and keep alive the feeling of patriotism which was the motive force of our soldier sires.

Very sincerely yours,  
GEORGE CROOK.

**EXECUTIVE OFFICE,**  
**NASHVILLE, TENN., March 11th, 1890.**

*Hon. W. S. Webb, President, etc., Grand Central Depot,  
New York, N. Y.:*

**DEAR SIR:**—The National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution have a great work before them. The country is drifting away from the moorings that were established by our patriotic fathers, and it belongs to this society to reawaken the patriotic thought of the nation. The Revolution brought more blessings to mankind than any political movement ever before or since consummated, and this organization is an assurance that none of its fruits will be lost. The heroes and patriots who effected it are entitled to be perpetually honored and revered. A true American had rather trace his lineage to them than to know that the blue blood of kings coursed in his veins. All honor to the men who created liberty, and may their names be forever revered and the principles they established be forever perpetuated.

Very respectfully,  
**ROBERT L. TAYLOR,**  
Governor.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 15, 1890.

*My Dear Doctor:*—I was extremely sorry that it was impossible for me to attend the banquet given by you to officers and members of the National Society, and of the various State Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution, on the 1st of March, because I am sure anything which advances the interests of the society cannot fail to be of national advantage.

Indeed, it seems to me especially desirable at the present time that we should have as often as possible recalled to our recollection the character, standards, virtues and the sacrifices of the men who at that era conferred such lasting obligations upon mankind. There is no exaggeration in the statement that no nobler body of men were ever engaged in any

great historical struggle, or certainly the results of no other historical struggle are comparable with the results attained by the Fathers of the Republic in the times that tried men's souls.

Sincerely yours,  
WAYNE MACVEAGH,

Dr. W. Seward Webb,  
Grand Central Depot,  
New York City.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
STATE OF VERMONT,  
MONTPELIER, March 25th, 1890.

*Dr. W. S. Webb, President N. S., S. A. R., Grand Central Depot, New York City.:*

DEAR SIR:—I very much regret that I was unable to be present at the dinner recently given by you to gentlemen connected with the various societies of the Sons of the American Revolution. I am the more sorry because of the information which has come to me that the sentiments uttered by all the speakers on that occasion were in full accord with the spirit of true liberty which inspired the Revolutionary fathers, and the preservation of which is the hope of our Nation.

If danger shall threaten the perpetuity of our institutions, it must arise to a great extent from a failure on the part of future generations to properly apprehend the value of the principles for which our fathers fought and a like failure to fully recognize the influence which the establishment of these principles has had, not only on their own lives, but also on the lives of all who have suffered oppression the world over.

If the influence of our association shall be such as to animate the young men of our Nation with that burning love for freedom, that devotion to principles, and that zeal for just and equal laws possessed by those who achieved our independence and established our Government, we need fear no foe, and the association may well be ranked among the most valuable institutions organized for patriotic purposes.

The aim of our order should be to honor those to whom we are indebted for our great heritage, and at the same time to bring forward and exhibit to all, the blessings which have come to the whole world through the recognition and establishment of the principles for which they fought.

Trusting that the work of the association may go on in its present channels,

I am, with great respect,  
Very truly yours,  
W. P. DILLINGHAM.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29th, 1890.

*Dear Mr. President:*—You and your associates are certainly to be congratulated on the efforts you are making to establish the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution throughout the United States. The notable gathering of earnest men at your dinner on March 1st, proved how deeply thoughtful citizens are interested in such a movement. Tradition and history are the roots and strength of patriotism. I can think of no influence more powerful for good in preserving a healthful and strong national feeling, than such an association of the descendants of the men who were permitted to take part in the Revolution that secured us national existence. It is certainly matter of honest pride with me that my paternal great grandfather carried a musket as a private soldier in the Revolutionary Army.

Very truly yours,  
STEWART L. WOODFORD.

Dr. William Seward Webb,  
President-General N. S., S. A. R.,  
Grand Central Depot,  
New York.



# CONSTITUTION OF THE National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

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## ARTICLE I.

### NAME.

The name of this society shall be "Sons of the American Revolution."

## ARTICLE II.

### OBJECTS.

The objects of this society shall be to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men who achieved American independence, by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results, the preservation of documents and relics and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries; to carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people, "to promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," thus developing an enlightened public opinion, and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens; to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty.

## ARTICLE III.

### MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. Any man is eligible for membership who is of the age of twenty-one years, and who is descended from an ancestor, who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of American Independence.

ence as a soldier or a seaman, or a civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or as a recognized patriot, provided he shall be found worthy.

SEC. 2. For the purpose of making more nearly perfect the records of our Revolutionary ancestors and their descendants, any woman of Revolutionary ancestry may file a record of her ancestor's services and her line of descent with the Registrar, who shall send a duplicate to the Registrar-General.

SEC. 3. Any person may be eligible for honorary membership subject to the limitations as to age and descent established in the case of active members.

SEC. 4. The National Society shall embrace all the members of the Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution now existing or which may be established under this Constitution. Such societies shall regulate all matters relating to their own affairs, and judge of the qualifications of their members or of those proposed for membership, subject to the provisions of this Constitution.

#### ARTICLE IV.

##### OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of the National Society shall be a President-General, three Honorary Vice-Presidents-General, five Vice-Presidents-General, a Secretary-General, Treasurer-General, Registrar-General, Historian-General, Surgeon-General and a Chaplain, who shall be elected by ballot by a vote of the majority of the members present at the annual meeting of the Congress of this society, and who shall hold office for one year and until their successors shall be elected, who, together with the Presidents of the State Societies, *ex-officio*, shall constitute a General Board of Managers, of which seven shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. 2. An Executive Committee of seven, of which the President of the General Society shall be the Chairman, may be elected by the Board of Managers, which shall, in the interim between the meetings of the Board, transact such business as shall be delegated to it by the Board of Managers.

#### ARTICLE V.

##### DUES.

Each State Society shall pay annually to the Treasurer-General twenty-five cents for each active member thereof. All such dues shall be paid on or before the opening of each annual Congress of the National Society to secure representation therein.

